

The Deep Sea Peril By VICTOR ROUSSEAU

CHAPTER IX.—Continued.

Donald turned and began skirting the crinoid bed. The sea devil had disappeared. The water was like a thin, unstable jelly.

He had lost all sense of time. He did not know whether he had journeyed one hour or three. He halted because there seemed nothing to do.

There, there might be a chance of picking up Davies and Clouts; or, at least, it might be possible from there to return to the submarine with Ida to replenish their oxygen reservoirs.

They threaded the mazes of the winding path between the beds, while from either side the fleshy arms stretched out to grapple them.

Under their feet the ooze was white with the skeletons of small fish which the lilies had rejected after devouring the substance that covered them.

At length the crinoid beds ended abruptly. They rested on the bottom, seating themselves side by side.

She let her hand fall carelessly upon his shoulders. She rose to her feet, and he followed her. They looked into each other's eyes, and though they could read nothing there, some message of hope seemed to pass.

They plunged together into the sea of jelly again. It clung to them, as if it, too, sought to suck them down.

Death, horrible in form, awaited them. It was becoming imminent. Donald was growing delirious, and in fancy he was strolling with Ida through meadows, plucking flowers.

"Look!" Exclaimed Donald. The scene before him was a vast, dark, and seemingly bottomless expanse.

All the while he was aware that he was lying on the bed of the sea, but his personality seemed divided, and while one part of him walked in those Elysian fields beside his sweetheart, the other suffered and swooned and pleaded impotently with a blind fate for aid—not for his life's sake, but for Ida's.

The girl's hand was unresponsive in his own. Perhaps she was dead already. Donald chafed it, but was hardly able to distinguish it in that jellylike environment, which was thickening perceptibly now.

The fingers were limp and cold. They were both numbed from the exposure—and Ida was dead. He would follow her, then.

Slowly and with deliberation he unfastened the copper cylinder from about his body. At once the little electric light went out. It had grown so dim that only then did Donald remember that it had been burning.

He unbuckled the headpiece and took off the mask of glass. He flung it from him. A moment he held his breath as he felt the cool water-jelly upon his face. Then, very resolutely, he drew in his breath.

CHAPTER X.— The Cave of the Idol. A cry of amazement burst from his lips. He was breathing air—at the bottom of the sea!

It was surcharged with oxygen. It invigorated him. He felt the thrill of renewed life in his body, he felt his shrunken arteries tingle as his heart pumped the new, richened blood through them.

"I don't know," he answered, in absolute bewilderment. At that moment he heard the mellow, gonglike sound that they had heard aboard the F55.

And slowly, as if in answer to the call, the jellylike medium that surrounded them began to drift away, to be hung up, as if it were a curtain, and before their astonished gaze there evolved the strangest stage setting that could ever have been conceived.

First there came into view the submarine, occupying, as it were, the center of this stage, her bow sunk in the ooze, her stern still lower. They had been lying within a hundred paces of her.

Next appeared the sloping edges of the crater, seen, not through water but through clear air, with a border of yellow crinoids, ceaselessly stirring, as though a breeze ruffled them. Then there began to be visible, in the flanks of the mountain, structures, apparently of hardened mud, taking the shape of fantastic temples, with pillars and doorways with low lintels, a submerged city of cliff dwellers, and yet each identical with its neighbors, so that they seemed to have been fashioned with the same unchanging precision as the cells of the bee.

And the whole crater swarmed with the sea-monsters, no longer invisible, but outlined in phosphorescent fire. And, standing in front of Donald and Ida, his features clearly visible through the glass of his own diving mask, surveying them with a cool, dispassionate gaze, was Ira MacBeard!

As they stared at him, he raised his hand and struck something suspended from his neck, giving out the mellow sound which they had heard before. Immediately he disappeared from view in the midst of a swarm of the monsters, which, surrounding Donald and the girl, began to push them toward the cavern in the mountain side.

The push was gradual, and apparently the result of some natural quality not known on land. There was no sense of muscular movement. It seemed to be momentum devoid of the accompanying factor of speed. Irresistibly, and yet quietly, the two were pushed toward the entrance in the flank of the island.

In vain Donald resisted. In vain he tried to force a path toward the submarine, dashing his fists against the bodies of the monsters. He made not the least impression upon those half-spherical forms.

A sea-man under water and one in the air had very different powers of resistance. He might as well have fought an army of animated featherbeds.

Slowly, without strain or attack, he felt himself being forced forward. He was held tightly on every side, except for the narrow gap that opened in front of him. He was forced to devote himself to supporting Ida.

On every side the globular, translucent, phosphorescent forms seemed to crowd in on him, leaving only a tiny way in the direction of one of the mud-pillared entrances. Yet, even thus, Donald had the impression of some unconscious force that animated

the scene before him. It seemed like the scouting expedition of a colony of red ants, returning with its booty. He could sense no conscious impulse in the sea monsters.

His pace became accelerated, and suddenly, swept off their feet, Donald and Ida found themselves within a huge cavern, faintly illumined by phosphorescence, and roofed with the same cloudy substance that they had seen upon the ocean bed without.

The monsters left them. The two stood there together, still in bewilderment. But they were not alone, for, with a shout, Davies emerged from the dim recess, and ran toward them, followed by Clouts. Their cylinders and headgear had been removed. The four stared at one another in incredulous joy.

"They nabbed us the moment we left the air-lock," cried Davies, grabbing the lieutenant by the hand and forgetting his discipline for the first time. "And Clouts, too. They sort of edged us in here. We were afraid you were dead."

"They gave us a little longer respite," answered Donald. "Davies, am I mad or dreaming, or are we breathing under water?"

"If you're dreaming, then Clouts and I are too," said the little middy. "Hello! There Clouts goes again! I've tried to keep him resigned, but he gets frantic occasionally."

With a sudden howl that seemed to rise from the depths of an outraged nature, Clouts, lowering his head, rushed like a battering ram into the doorway. The watchers saw him recoil as if he had butted a feather bed. He looked up, rubbed his head in perplexity, and then, retiring a few paces, repeated his experiment more furiously than before.

Again he was hurled back, as a ball rebounds from the cushion of a billiard table. The monsters' bodies blocked the entrance as effectively as if they were of rubber.

Slowly Sam Clouts withdrew, looking back with a puzzled expression. Meanwhile the three glanced about. They were in a huge natural cave,

in which the sea monsters had evidently been at work, for the interior was coated with mud, hardened in some peculiar manner to resist the water. And yet Donald had the same impression of a beehive. There was something of sameness everywhere, the same sense of automatism.

It was quite bare, except at one end, where arose a mud mound, decorated with seashells, and upon this was what looked like the upright skeleton of a small mammal.

"Look!" exclaimed Donald. "It came from—behind the curtain!" said Davies in awe. "Donald, the air was thicker . . . something keeps rolling back . . . ?"

They looked at each other, still unconvinced that they were awake and alive. Then they went toward the object at the end.

Sam Clouts, who had preceded them, fell back with an exclamation of horror. "Yes, Clouts?" said Donald. "I beg your pardon, sir, but don't you see that it's meant to be a person, sir?"

He spoke the truth. The figure was a rough pile of bones, but high above them a grinning human face, made of the same plastered mud, looked down. It was the first sign of conscious process among the monsters, and some devil craftsman had contrived to catch, not so much the form as the humanness of it.

It was upon a larger scale, precisely such a figure as a child or a savage might have made in its first efforts to reproduce the human figure. There were even the drawings of art in the shape of whales' ear-bones, strung, braceletwise, across the breast.

The mound beneath the figure consisted of innumerable bones, a sort of kitchen midden such as Neolithic man left behind him as a testimony to his oyster feasts.

Davies picked up one of the bones and looked at it intently. "Donald!" he said softly, not to attract the attention of Ida, who, seated on the floor against the mound, seemed on the point of falling asleep from weariness. He held out the bone.

Both looked at it. It was the bone of a flipper heel. The monsters were cannibal, beyond any doubt. "Davies!" cried Donald, a moment later. "Don't you see what that figure is? It's an idol. And the bones are those of creatures of their own species, and others, sacrificed to it by the monsters in their abominable feasts. It's the first drawings of self-consciousness, the awakening of the religious perceptions!"

There could be no other interpretation. They looked at each other in horror and something of awe. The thing had been fashioned, perhaps, after an ideal never seen, or perchance some forgotten ancestor, cast up on an inhabited shore, had seen man and returned, to embody him in his remembered guise.

So these half-blind and voiceless devils of the sea were groping slowly upward, as our ancestors had done many a hundred thousand years ago, toward hope and endeavor. The Spirit of God stirred in the dull souls of these cannibal monsters, as everywhere.

Donald felt somehow immensely elated at the thought. Even here they were not cut off from the sheltering hand of Providence. "Look, sir!" Clouts exclaimed suddenly.

(TO BE CONTINUED.) GROW POTATOES FROM SEED Experts of University of Washington Use White Fruiting Berry Which Has Almost Disappeared.

In an effort to restore the old-fashioned potato seed, an experiment is being made in the garden of the University of Washington. The white fruiting berry of the potato, which was found everywhere a generation ago and has now almost disappeared, was used to plant a patch, and the fruiting potato plants are being raised.

With them have been planted a number of potato tubers in the usual way, and the latter have grown much more rapidly than the plants which have developed from the seeds. The object in seeking to produce potato seed again is that crossing of strains can be secured in this way, leading to a more wholesome condition of the plant. When propagation is only by the roots there is no chance for cross-fertilization, and the same strain of potato will in time give out.

The experiment is being conducted under the direction of Assistant Prof. John W. Hootson of the department of botany. He Picked Up a Living. Sir John Kirk, who recently celebrated his fiftieth anniversary of work in connection with the Ragged School union, tells an amusing anecdote of how he once questioned a London walf whom he had befriended as to his method of earning a living.

The young fellow's reply was typical of the London street arab. "Well, guv'nor," he said, "it's like this. I picks strawberries in the summer. I picks 'ops in the autumn. In the winter I picks pockets, and, as a rule, I'm pickin' okum for the rest of the year."

Argentina Gum in Demand. Among the Argentine industries which have benefited because of the suspended importation resulting from the European war, that of pitch gum is found to be of importance. The pitch gum of Argentina is sold under the name of Arabic gum and is used in the manufacture of candles. This product is now being used extensively instead of the imported article and efforts are being made to exploit its cultivation and production.

Manifold Uses for Cotton. In calling attention to the manifold uses for cotton, cotton seed and cottonseed oil, the Boston Herald mentions the following products: Photographic films, automobile windows, buttons, "ivory," artificial silk, combs, knife handles, trunks, book bindings, shoes, furniture, headwear, handbags, lard, soap, butterine, paints, rubber, gun-cotton and smokeless powder used in explosives.



The business of the American Red Cross is "to aid in the prevention and alleviation of human suffering in times of peace and war." It was originally organized to supplement the medical services of armies in times of war. When the American National Red Cross, by act of the United States Congress, approved January 5, 1905, was incorporated and placed under government supervision, its purposes—in addition to its duties in times of war—were declared to be: "To continue and carry on a system of national and international relief in time of peace and apply the same in mitigating the sufferings caused by pestilence, famine, fire, floods and other national calamities." This organization has therefore a great work to do at all times; for there is always human suffering to be alleviated, but now that the world is racked with war, its work is tremendous, and it is doing it in a way that should make every man, woman or child who belongs to the Red Cross proud to be a member. It is the only hope of thousands of suffering human beings and stands between them and cold, hunger, sickness and despair. It is the instrument by which each one of us may make himself useful; our only means of extending helping hands to the innocent victims of the war.

No one can start the new year in a better way than by joining the Red Cross and by aiding in the campaign for new members. In time of war the Red Cross chapters handle their activities through various committees. They undertake to raise and collect funds; to manufacture hospital garments and supplies; to take charge of transportation and supplies; to aid families of soldiers and sailors and their widows and children; to train for and assist in securing self-supporting positions for those permanently crippled or blinded. In any one of these lines of work women have proved themselves efficient. The manufacture of hospital garments and supplies is left almost wholly to them, while men handle the matter of raising and collecting funds and taking charge of transportation.

The work in hand just now calls for special activity in securing new members. The business men in any community are the ones to undertake the planning and carrying out of campaigns for increased membership in the Red Cross. In cities of considerable size good work is often done by creating a rivalry between men in various lines of business; the grocers undertaking to secure a greater number of members, for instance, than the dry goods men—or employees of one house entering into friendly competition with those of another house in the same line of business. An able business man at the head of a drive for new members will be able to engineer it in the most practical and efficient way. House to house canvassing for new members is about the most thorough-going method.

Coats That Welcome the Cold



The tonic of the cold is to be thanked for much of our progress. North-erners, obliged to stand it for months, get the habit of industry and resourcefulness; they have learned how to clothe themselves, to defy the weather and even to enjoy it. Inasmuch as there are not enough furs on the market to put fur garments in the reach of everyone, and because the manufacture of fur clothing involves much time and work, which mean expense—the looms have been called upon to weave substitutes which provide as much warmth as the pelts of animals. Of course wool is our great dependence in putting up defenses against the blasts of winter.

The supreme achievements against the cold are voluminous coats of fur, or of cloth lined with fur. Next to these are fur fabrics and cloth woven to insure warmth. Coats made of the winter I picks pockets, and, as a rule, I'm pickin' okum for the rest of the year."

Argentina Gum in Demand. Among the Argentine industries which have benefited because of the suspended importation resulting from the European war, that of pitch gum is found to be of importance. The pitch gum of Argentina is sold under the name of Arabic gum and is used in the manufacture of candles. This product is now being used extensively instead of the imported article and efforts are being made to exploit its cultivation and production.

Manifold Uses for Cotton. In calling attention to the manifold uses for cotton, cotton seed and cottonseed oil, the Boston Herald mentions the following products: Photographic films, automobile windows, buttons, "ivory," artificial silk, combs, knife handles, trunks, book bindings, shoes, furniture, headwear, handbags, lard, soap, butterine, paints, rubber, gun-cotton and smokeless powder used in explosives.

Evening Hats. As a flesh builder this cream is excellent for the thin face. Melt thirty grams of lanoline and twenty grams of sweet oil and when liquid beat in one gram of tannin. To apply this lotion dip into cream, and begin work at the forehead, rubbing it smooth with a rotary motion, always with the upward stroke harder than the downward. Treat the cheeks and temples in the same manner. Dash cold water over face at the end of the treatment. It will tighten and harden the skin.

A Flesh Builder. As a flesh builder this cream is excellent for the thin face. Melt thirty grams of lanoline and twenty grams of sweet oil and when liquid beat in one gram of tannin. To apply this lotion dip into cream, and begin work at the forehead, rubbing it smooth with a rotary motion, always with the upward stroke harder than the downward. Treat the cheeks and temples in the same manner. Dash cold water over face at the end of the treatment. It will tighten and harden the skin.

Evening Hats. As a flesh builder this cream is excellent for the thin face. Melt thirty grams of lanoline and twenty grams of sweet oil and when liquid beat in one gram of tannin. To apply this lotion dip into cream, and begin work at the forehead, rubbing it smooth with a rotary motion, always with the upward stroke harder than the downward. Treat the cheeks and temples in the same manner. Dash cold water over face at the end of the treatment. It will tighten and harden the skin.

IMPROVED UNIFORM INTERNATIONAL SUNDAY SCHOOL LESSON

(By E. O. ... Acting Director of the Sunday School Course of the Moody Bible Institute, Chicago.) (Copyright, 1917, Western Newspaper Union.)

LESSON FOR JANUARY 20 JESUS AT WORK.

LESSON TEXT—Mark 1:14-45. GOLDEN TEXT—We must work the works of him that sent me while it is day.—John 9:4. ADDITIONAL MATERIAL FOR TEACHERS—Matt. 4:23-28; Luke 4:16-22; 9:14; Matt. 9:35-48; 11:23-30; Luke 8:1-2. PRIMARY MEMORY VERSE—And he healed many that were sick.—Mark 1:34. INTERMEDIATE TOPIC—The power and sympathy of Jesus. MEMORY VERSE—Gal. 6:2. SENIOR AND ADULT TOPIC—Jesus meeting human needs.

At the risk of repetition we will once more call attention to the new plan of Sunday-school lessons. Its characteristics are: First, the uniform teaching. A general lesson title and the same general Scripture passages as the basis of study for all grades. One Golden text for all, although frequently a devotional Scripture lesson and particular text which is intended for the opening worship of the school or for departments of the school, with additional scriptural material for the use of teachers of the various grades. Second, the grades and ages. The grades recognized are: Primary, pupils from six to eight inclusive; Junior, nine to eleven or twelve inclusive; Intermediate boys and girls, twelve or thirteen to seventeen inclusive; senior or young people, eighteen to twenty-four; adults, twenty-five and upwards. Beginners are not included in these lessons, as they have been provided for in the beginners' lessons of the graded courses. Third, the graded teachers. Different lesson topics or titles as adapted to the different grades. Again, memory verses for the various grades. Additional scriptural material intended especially for the graded lesson writers and teachers. Sometimes the lesson text for a certain grade is simply a small portion of the uniform or general Scripture passage for that day.

The first six months of this year will be devoted to the Gospel of Mark. Every syllable will be covered during the course. Then there is to be a three months course of study in the Christian life on such vital topics as: The Beginning of a Christian Life, Reading God's Word, Praying to God, Obeying God, Growing Stronger, Speaking for Christ, Conquering Evil, etc., apparently disconnected, but really a vitally related course on topics dealing with Christian living.

The Lesson for Today. I. The Man of the Unclean Spirit (vv. 21-27). Jesus was teaching in the synagogue, and the results were far different from those in Capernaum or Nazareth. (See Luke 4:16-30.) But as always, evil is present with good, and evil always recognizes true piety, hence those present recognized that a God-sent man with a God-given message was speaking. Sunday-school teachers should also speak with authority, for we are "the oracles of God." (I Peter 4:11.) Notice Christ's power over spiritual evil. (vv. 23-27). Demonic possession, we are told, is quite common today in China and other heathen lands. The terror of this demon at the words of Christ may suggest how evil men will feel when Christ shall come again. As always, evil desires to be "let alone," but Christ would not let him alone. The demon did not want to come out, but he was helpless before the power of Christ and had to come, and in coming he made himself so felt that the people were "all amazed." Neither astonishment nor amazement, however, is conversion; and, therefore, we are not surprised that the people did not accept Jesus Christ. The presence of real miracles does not necessarily bring conviction of sin.

II. Peter's Mother-in-Law (vv. 28-34). In this next scene we have one of the homes wherein Jesus manifested his power over physical or bodily illness. Notice Christ was abiding with his own loved ones. Here is an example on the part of Christ of how to do personal work. Also an example and a testimony that service is a testimony of gratitude. The fact that this one got healed and that she began at once to serve, is also a testimony to the fact of the cure. There was sickness in that home, not "error of mortal mind," and they did what was best—brought the sick one to Jesus. Again in verse 30 is this keyword of Mark's Gospel, "straightway." Jesus could heal at a distance (John 4:50-53), but he liked to come straight up to the afflicted one. Notice he took her by the hand. This, too, is a lesson for us. The gospel of a handclasp is too often neglected. The "taking-by-the-hand" religion is much needed in our churches today. Notice he also "raised her up." People need to be lifted to-day. It is not enough to command them to rise; we must also help them to arise. Then it was that "the fever left her." Sickness, as well as demons, gave way before the Lord. The evidence, as we have indicated, of the fact of this woman being healed, was that she began to use her new-found health and strength in ministering to the one who had healed her. This emphasizes the lesson of gratitude. Remember the scene of the lepers who were healed and only one of them returned to thank the Lord for his recovery. So today, many forget in our nation, as well as in individual life, the real source of our blessings, and fall to be thankful.

The concluding scene of this day (vv. 32-35) is remarkable and presents a vivid and beautiful picture. "At even when the sun did set" (v. 32) they brought unto him "all" that were diseased. While all were gathered at the door, not all were healed, for the record says, "many were healed." We read, "many are called, but few chosen." All that city was gathered that evening about Peter's door (v. 23), but the sad part of it was that not all received the healing touch of Christ. They had had a wonderful Sabbath day. They had seen proof of the power of the Master.

Justifiable Adoption. The big, flat-footed, hungry negro was up for theft. "I caught him nippin' a fresh-made pumpkin pie from the MacGregor house, on Marguerite street," explained Officer Casey. "Did you?" demanded the judge. "Dat's a rough word, yo' honn—sayin' Ah done stole hit. Now as ter de truff—dat pumpkin pie was settin' dar on de winder ledge, abandoned, Jedge. Nobody nowhar nigh hit, Jedge. Hit was a case of 'justifiable adoption,' brought on by de Christum sperrit."—Philadelphia Star.

Camp Meade Cures. Lieut. "Tom" Cunningham of South Philadelphia, a member of the quartermaster's department, was chatting about the negro selected men, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. "Boy, oh, boy," he said. "They hand you a laugh in every line. I was card-indexing one of those birds from Tennessee the other day and I asked him a number of questions in a perfunctory way. 'Elementary education?' I asked. 'Yessah. 'High school?' 'Yessah. 'College?' 'Yessah.' Then I said to him, 'Where did you go to school?' 'Nowhar,' he replied, as quick as that.

"But that's not all," continued Lieutenant "Tom." "I shoved a fountain pen at this ducky to sign his name. He just rolled his eyes for a few seconds, and in a mournful voice said: 'Ma Gawd, man, we dese around here! This darn place am just one jab after another!'

"I didn't know what he meant until I found out from him that he had just got his third shot of vaccine in the arm. He had never seen a fountain pen, I guess, for he thought it was another new-fangled affair to stab him with."

PROVEN SWAMP-ROOT AIDS WEAK KIDNEYS

The symptoms of kidney and bladder troubles are often very distressing and leave the system in a run-down condition. The kidneys seem to suffer most, as almost every victim complains of lame back and urinary troubles which should not be neglected, as these danger signals often lead to more dangerous kidney troubles.

Dr. Kliner's Swamp-Root which, so many people say, soon heals and strengthens the kidneys, is a splendid kidney, liver and bladder medicine, and, being an herbal compound, has a gentle healing effect on the kidneys, which is almost immediately noticed in most cases by those who use it.

A trial will convince anyone who may be in need of it. Better get a bottle from your nearest drug store, and start treatment at once. However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kliner & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention this paper.—Adv.

Cyrus Nelson, ninety-one, conducts a potato farm near Newberg, Ore., unaided. A man is never too busy to listen when the lady on the silver dollar talks. A torpid liver prevents proper food assimilation. Tone up your liver with Wright's Indian Vegetable Pills. They act gently. Adv.

Women employed in the Detroit automobile factories receive \$65 to \$109 per month. True happiness consists in the pursuit of a thing rather than the catching thereof. Constipation, indigestion, sick-headache and bilious conditions are overcome by a course of Garfield Tea. Drink on retiring. Adv.

Self Improvement First. It is folly for a man to expect the world to grow better until he begins to notice improvement in himself. To Drive Out Malaria. And Build Up The System. Take the Old Standard GROVE'S TASTELESS CHILL TONIC. You know what you are taking, as the formula is printed on every label, showing it is Quinine and Iron in a tasteless form. The Quinine drives out malaria, the Iron builds up the system. 60 cents.

Mistaken Identity. "What have you in gentleman's gloves?" asked the excited shopper of a well-dressed man who had laid his hat on the counter while he mopped his bald head. "Both my hands, madam," he replied. "I'm not a floorwalker. I'm simply waiting here for my wife."

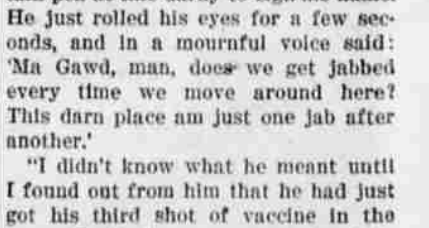
Justifiable Adoption. The big, flat-footed, hungry negro was up for theft. "I caught him nippin' a fresh-made pumpkin pie from the MacGregor house, on Marguerite street," explained Officer Casey. "Did you?" demanded the judge. "Dat's a rough word, yo' honn—sayin' Ah done stole hit. Now as ter de truff—dat pumpkin pie was settin' dar on de winder ledge, abandoned, Jedge. Nobody nowhar nigh hit, Jedge. Hit was a case of 'justifiable adoption,' brought on by de Christum sperrit."—Philadelphia Star.

Camp Meade Cures. Lieut. "Tom" Cunningham of South Philadelphia, a member of the quartermaster's department, was chatting about the negro selected men, relates the Philadelphia Ledger. "Boy, oh, boy," he said. "They hand you a laugh in every line. I was card-indexing one of those birds from Tennessee the other day and I asked him a number of questions in a perfunctory way. 'Elementary education?' I asked. 'Yessah. 'High school?' 'Yessah. 'College?' 'Yessah.' Then I said to him, 'Where did you go to school?' 'Nowhar,' he replied, as quick as that.

"But that's not all," continued Lieutenant "Tom." "I shoved a fountain pen at this ducky to sign his name. He just rolled his eyes for a few seconds, and in a mournful voice said: 'Ma Gawd, man, we dese around here! This darn place am just one jab after another!'

"I didn't know what he meant until I found out from him that he had just got his third shot of vaccine in the arm. He had never seen a fountain pen, I guess, for he thought it was another new-fangled affair to stab him with."

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"



The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"

The Rich Flavor of Grape-Nuts is due to the blending of malted barley with whole wheat flour. Wheat alone does not possess this rich flavor. The wonderfully easy digestion of Grape-Nuts is also partly due to the barley for the barley contains a digestive which wheat lacks. "There's a Reason for Grape-Nuts"